

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off: the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping



that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice, as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!"

Just as she said this, she found that the trees had a door leading right into the ground. "How curious!" she thought. "I'll go in to-day. I think I may as well go now, for I'm in here whether I want to or not." So she went.

Once more she found herself in a garden, and close to the little glass table. "How much more age better this time," she said to herself, "by taking the little golden key. I'll go in by the door that led into the garden. I'll be sure to work nibbling at the mushroom (I've got a piece of it in my pocket) till I'm as small as the Dormouse: then I'll go in—she found herself in a garden, among the bright fountains.